

**EXTRA.**  
**2 O'CLOCK.**  
**EIGHT PAGES.**  
**DANGER TO HEALTH**

Vile Condition of Streets East  
of the Bowery.

Disease-Breeding Gutters and Pools  
of Slimy Water.

Where Children Play in a Foul  
Odor Almost Stilling.

The habitual condition of that section of the town east of the Bowery, the most overcrowded patch of earth in the universe, is bad, and just now it is such as to demand more than ordinary attention.

An "Evening World" reporter found yesterday afternoon in that section which lies between Grand and Houston Orchard and Norfolk streets—a patch less than a half mile square—a condition that would discourage an optimist.

There is apparently an honest effort being made by the Department of Street

but the earnest co-operation of the other departments is necessary to make the work effective.

be prevented from gutting the bread  
the gutters and the sidewalks before  
their homes with the refuse of the  
tables, and the sale of decayed fruit  
vegetables and the like must be stopped  
if the health of the general public  
is to be protected.

Rivington, Broome, a part of Houston  
street and Ludlow street have asphalt  
pavements, and a glance shows that  
it is much easier to keep this kind of  
pavement clean than it is to keep the  
rough block pavements free from decay  
and filth.

all of the cross streets, Houston, St.

Grand, very clean and neat for the most part.

Orchard street was satisfactory but the blocks from Houston to Rivington but below that, though the marks of the brooms of the sweepers were plainly to be seen on

stret was in bad shape and the air was  
filled with a fetid odor almost stifling.  
While the reporter stood looking at the  
squalid children, rice from cesspools  
floating in these impurities, a brown  
woman hurried a great hump of rags  
and a bundle of straw to the middle of the  
street and was the scene of a mass  
meeting of greedy flies. The policeman  
saw it and dreamily and then turned  
away.

If the woman who threw it had been  
arrested it might have stopped some  
other criminals from watching, however.  
The policeman's watch, however, was  
stolen and he was loaded with  
and fettering grates was found  
made by a vendor, and he found man

At the corner of Broome was an accumulation of melon rinds from a close-by fruit stand—save the mark!—enough to fill a bushel basket and in all stages of decay. A green grocer near Delancey

In the next block a vender cried:  
"Ripe peaches, two cents a quart!"  
A disappointed cry, denoting the in-

a quart. "The fruit inspector wouldn't permit the sale of a solitary peach from this wagon—but the inspector was not there, and apparently none ever visits this 'devil's acre,' for there are permanent fruit and green grocer stands

The air of Ludlow street was not as thick as that of Orchard, but the reporter did not find the reason for this in the gutters and on the pavement.

state. I think there is anything clearer than a crystal to him who can see through millstone. It is that if sweeping and carting the dirt and garbage from a street once a day is not enough, the sweeper and carters should come a second time in the day.

evidence that the cleaners had made a recent call. But here were also evidences either that the cleaners did, clean or else the rules of the Street Cleaning, Police and Health Departments had been violated by tenants.

There were lately emptied garbage ash barrels, and there was a spot that showed where a heap of street dirt had been a few hours before, but alongside of the empty garbage receptacles were others running over with masses of disease-breeding stuff that smelled

Circulars in every language instructed the people of every street at what hour to set out their garbage and ash cans. Were this rule enforced these accumulations could not occur. There is nothing to the west of me.

ter shall be thrown into the street, yet in this section, at least, no one seems to have the slightest regard for it, and all the laws of sanitation are violated with impunity, for it seems to be no body's duty to enforce them.

A dainty, dark-eyed little girl was knitting on the curb on the corner of Broome street, with a watchful eye on

fruit that she had sold. Six feet away was a barrel that had been filled and run over with slushy slops, that sent up an odor that would sicken a well-kept baby in two hours, yet there was married of little ones moving in the